

## Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.  
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

### MY BIRTHDAY.

The little folks came in last night  
And stood beside my chair,  
Then boldly climbed upon my knees,  
And safely nestled there.

"This is your birthday, don't you know?"  
I ventured my surprise;  
They brought their little presents out,  
I looked with wondering eyes.

"We think you're just the nicest man  
That ever lived," they said;  
"And we intend to stay until  
It's time to go to bed."

My thoughts ran swiftly back and forth,  
As I thought of the day;  
Old memories with dusk came in  
And filled the silent room.

I saw the farm gate open wide,  
The lowing herd pass through;  
The blue bush and climbing rose,  
Drenched with the morning dew.

The cornfield, rich with tasseled brown  
And cherry-colored stalks,  
The shepherd dog, the flock of sheep  
With fleece as white as milk.

The calm home, with low-roofed porch  
And window on the side,  
Where purple morning glories trailed  
As robes of queenly pride.

The locust grove, with odor sweet  
From silver blossoms white;  
The old crab orchard on the hill,  
Where birds sang on till night.

My mother, in her rocking-chair,  
Beneath the morning star,  
And heard her sing "Sweet Fields Beyond  
Stand Dressed in Living Green."

I started, for the fire burned low,  
The ashes, white and free,  
Were crumbling, and the little ones  
Were sleeping on my knee.

The hour was late; the gifts they'd brought  
Had fallen to the floor;  
I turned from scenes of yesterday  
Into the open door.

Of better years and nobler things  
Than ever I had seen,  
Content to look from faded past  
To "Hills of Living Green."  
—A. M. Bruner, in Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Lon's Triumph.

BY MARY B. DOWNS.

"Seems to me Lon carries all his small  
brains in that button on his coat  
instead of in his head, like folks that God  
made." That was sitting on the bench  
beside Ordelia, when she said this, sharpening  
her pencils with his new knife.

"Lon's right nervous. I reckon he'll  
never get used to reciting before folks,"  
said Ordelia. "Lon's smart, though,"  
she added, demurely.

"Smart! He couldn't answer boo to  
a question without that button to twist  
his fingers on."

"Anyhow, wherever his brains are, he  
makes good recitations," persisted Ordelia.

"Cuts a right foolish figure at it, just  
the same."

"Who's that you're calling 'foolish'?"  
asked an awkward boy, who had  
planted himself before Ordelia's desk.  
She looked up, laughed, and said:

"That says you can't recite a word  
without that button to twist."

Lon's freckled face flushed sunnily.  
"What'll you bet?" he asked, turning  
on Thad.

"I'll bet a half dollar that you can't  
explain one example in mental arith-  
metic straight without yanking it all  
out of that button of yours."

"All right, I'll bet," said Lon, reck-  
lessly. Then he looked down with a rueful  
smile at the button in question, which  
dangled by a frail thread or two from  
his coat.

"I reckon I'm bound to do without  
it," he remarked, "if I don't get it sewed  
on soon."

"Oh, I'll sew it on for you, if you'll  
stop at the house this evening—after  
you've won the bet," said Ordelia, light-  
ly.

The news of the challenge went  
round, and for once interest was roused  
in the mental arithmetic recitation.

"Therefore," Ordelia thus concluded  
her problem—"the man had 60% green  
to begin with." Ending with glib con-  
fidence, she folded her hands behind  
her, poised lightly on her shapely feet  
and looked with smiling complacency  
at the "next."

The "next" was Lon. The whole  
school belonged to the mental arith-  
metic class, but of the craning line that  
had toiled the week on the water  
bucket to the blackboard at the begin-  
ning of the recitation only three schol-  
ars now remained on the floor—Ordelia,  
Lon and Thad.

"Next!"

Lon's slender figure shot up in rigid  
attention. He folded his arms resolu-  
tely across his breast and waited.

Ordelia, on one side, graceful and  
serene, waited, too, on the other  
side stood Thad, his feet widely planted  
and his face darkly flushed.

The teacher, Miss Molly, read the  
problem slowly and distinctly. Lon re-  
peated it in a clear, defiant voice and  
then took up the explanation with con-  
fidence. Ordelia settled back into her  
place and glanced about in triumph.

Thad's brow began to straighten in  
dark scowl. The school held its breath  
and stared.

"Letting 2-2 represent the number of  
sheep that the man had in the first  
place, then 1-2 will represent the num-  
ber of sheep—of sheep that—yes, the  
number of sheep that he bought. Then  
—then the—whole number of sheep  
that he owned—the whole number of  
sheep that he owned—the whole num-  
ber of sheep would be represented by  
3-2, which, according to the problem,  
and 2½ sheep—I mean which, according  
to—Lon's arms relaxed. His nervous  
fingers were searching for the inspiring  
button.

Ordelia's smile changed to chagrin.  
Thad's face broadened with a derisive  
grin. A laugh went round the school.  
Lon's stammering tongue stopped al-  
together. There was a moment of  
silence; then the mortified boy turned  
upon Thad in a fury. "You sneak!"

"I ain't a sneak! What's the matter  
with you?" Thad's fist doubled and he  
felt back defiant.

"No one but a sneak would play a fel-  
low such a low-down trick as that. I'd  
like to know what business you have to  
cut off my button."

"I never cut off your precious but-  
ton."

"You lie!"

The school uprore with one accord.  
Seats clattered and indignation voices  
rang. "He did it!" "He didn't!" "I saw  
him!" "You never!"

The sharp tap of the teacher's bell  
struck into the din. The hubbub ceased.

The excited children shrank back in  
their seats.

"There, that will do!" gasped the  
teacher. "You may take your seats,  
boys, Ordelia; the class is dismissed.  
The school may come to order. Now  
we will have a season of quiet."

Miss Molly clasped her hands upon  
her desk, and looked coldly down one  
side of the room and up the other.

In proportion to the number of pu-  
pils, the schoolroom was very large. At  
the suggestion of Miss Molly, who de-  
sired space for calisthenics, the chil-  
dren had ranged their desks on opposite  
sides of the room, and behind the Bat-  
tists all on one side, the Methodists on  
the other. And there they sat fact to  
face—an arrangement that added zest  
to responsive Bible reading in the morn-  
ing, and to all manner of school con-  
tests.

At present Methodists and Baptists  
sat in irreproachable order, their hands  
clasped convulsively on the desks, their  
eyes averted or lowered, lest they  
should either laugh or cry. Two bright  
spots burned on Ordelia's cheeks, but  
she sat perfectly still, her eyes down.

Thad, opposite, was eating anxious  
glances toward her. Lon, on the same  
side of the room as Ordelia, but several  
seats removed, was staring straight be-  
fore him, his gray eyes snapping with  
anger, his lips closely pressed.

It was already past time for school to  
close. The younger children looked sly-  
ly at the solemn clock, and softly  
sighed.

The geese came waddling past from  
the pond, screaming in shrill deris-  
ion. Mr. Oscar's mules thrust their  
noses through a broken window, flung  
up their heels and dashed away. But  
the clock ticked on, and Miss Molly  
continued to look out of the window. Sud-  
denly the "season of quiet" was broken  
by a shrill announcement.

"He didn't cut it off. He done jerked  
it off. I saw him." It was the voice of  
the first reader class—of Pouley, who  
sat alone in the shadow of Miss Molly's  
desk, carefully shoved back until all  
but his wriggly toes were out of sight  
of Miss Molly's eyes.

At this audacious outburst from the  
youngest class, Guy and Gistee, the sec-  
ond class, turned their backs and  
clapped their hands over their mouths;  
but in spite of their desperate efforts  
at self-control, little squeals of merrit-  
ment escaped between their fingers.

Miss Molly opened her report book,  
looked at the convulsed school, and  
quietly replaced the book in the desk.

"I shall not call for reports to-night.  
Take position. You are dismissed."

Lon strode across the room, snatched  
his hat and flung out of the door. Then  
he sprang back and faced Thad.

"I'll get even with you for that dirty  
mean trick, and don't you forget it!"

Thad shrugged his shoulders, turned  
on his heel, and walked over to Ordelia.  
She looked up at him with a smile, and  
took a step toward the door, but  
Lon was gone.

Miss Molly's school-room was the old  
Methodist church. When the fine new  
church was completed, the old building  
became a schoolhouse, and although its  
timbers are rotten, and everybody ob-  
jects to it as an eyesore to the clear-  
ing, there still stands to this day, one  
corner in the old graveyard, one corner  
in Mr. Oscar's cane patch, one corner in  
the public road, and the other corner—  
it has never been determined just where.

Fortunately for the school, the line of  
Mr. Oscar's cane patch runs just where  
the crack of the double front door, so  
that a sufficient length of the steps re-  
mained uncut, to afford to Miss Molly  
and the children unobstructed entrance  
and exit.

One day—a February day in that sun-  
ny south—when the class in denomina-  
tion numbers was required to estimate the  
area of the whole interior of the house,  
with a view to putting in a ceiling with  
out knotholes and a floor that would not  
wobble, an ill wind from Miss Molly's  
cold home away up north swooped down  
into the piny woods and came nigh to  
sweeping the steadfast old Methodist  
church quite beyond the possibilities of  
reconstruction.

How everybody did shiver, and how  
the angry flames roared in the heated  
fireplaces! There was no fireplace in  
the schoolhouse, but there was a stove  
—a very pretty stove, with its stove-  
pipe in its own and three of brick and  
puffed away until it was red all over,  
reckless of the fact that at any moment  
the stovepipe might topple or telescope  
down and set fire to the schoolhouse.

It was Lon's day to provide fuel, and  
a great pile of lightwood and pine knots  
overflowed the wood box.

The children had gathered in a close  
circle about the stove, screening their  
faces as best they could from the scorch-  
ing heat of the fire, and forgetting the  
shivers behind in complacent contem-  
plation of Miss Molly's red nose and  
purple chin. Thad, with his usual as-  
surance, had placed himself beside Ordelia.  
Ordelia perused her book, coolly  
indifferent to his presence. Lon sat  
apart from everyone and deigned to  
look neither to the right nor to the left  
of his history book.

Lon had been in the dumps ever since  
the loss of his button, and it was under-  
stood by the school that he was likely  
to remain in that unhappy state of mind  
until he had thought out some ade-  
quate revenge for Thad's meanness.  
Accordingly, since the morning when he  
had shortly refused to permit Ordelia  
to sew on the button, the school had  
seen him respectfully alone.

The door of the schoolhouse had been  
closed, even locked, against the weather.  
The windows had been stuffed with  
hats and bonnets. But the boisterous  
norther scouted such frail defenses.  
It seized the sides of the house and  
shook them till they swayed, and  
through knotholes; it swept under the  
rotten sills and sifted up through the  
floor. Above, below, and on every side  
it entered, cold and gusty, pressing  
back the warmth of the stanch little  
stove.

Miss Molly, with her feet on a sheep-  
skin and her hands muffled in her coat,  
sat with her back to the school,  
watching the red fingers of Gistee and  
Guy trace a sentence on the blackboard.  
Seizing the opportunity, Thad stuffed  
the stove full of fat pine. The flames  
took a moment to grasp the fuel, then  
mounted merrily.

There was a cautious shoving back of  
benches and chairs. The first reader  
class, Pouley, having craned his neck  
to make sure, saw Miss Molly was not  
looking, stealthily retired into the rear,  
the pinching drafts of the norther and  
the parching heat of the stove were in  
less serious contest. There he made a

seat of his book, settled his chin in his  
palms, and, gazing serenely upward,  
observed the phenomenon of red creep-  
ing up the waveling line of stovepipe.

Miss Molly's pencil dropped from her  
stiffened fingers, and, stooping to pick  
it up, she slipped through a crack the  
image of Pouley's placid contemplation  
beneath her feet. Drawing the con-  
gealed muscles of her face to a frown,  
she opened her lips to issue a sharp  
summons, when out popped Pouley into  
the middle of the room, pointing up-  
ward and shouting:

"Quick! quick! The house done  
caught afire!"

The smaller children huddled toward  
the door. Some of the older ones  
assembled for their books and hats.  
Miss Molly stepped swiftly from the  
rostrum to Pouley's desk, thence to the  
floor.

Ordelia, big Hayes, Thad and Lon  
stood beside her. Looking up through  
the pipehole in the ceiling, they plainly  
saw the danger. A length of the stove-  
pipe had settled, leaving an open space  
between it and the next length. Swift  
flames were pouring into the pipe, striv-  
ing toward the draft of the brick chim-  
ney above; but the wind, breathing un-  
der the eaves, blew the fiery column  
aside so that the hot flames licked the  
roof. The curling shingles were al-  
ready smoking; in a moment they  
would be aflame.

With three bounds Lon was out of the  
door. He seized the ax from the wood-  
pile, dashed back into the room, and  
leaped to Miss Molly's desk.

"That's the go! Rip her down! Hi,  
big Hayes, catch hold!" shouted Thad,  
excitedly.

With a mighty spring Hayes caught  
the board that Lon had piled loose, and  
both, swinging from it, they pealed it  
down, leaving a wide opening in the  
ceiling overhead.

"Now, then, up with you and wipe her  
out!" directed Thad, even before their  
feet had touched the floor.

Ordelia turned upon him. "Wipe it  
out yourself!" she flashed.

Thad gave her one surprised look  
then swung up into the loft. "Ting me  
something to work with!" he shout-  
ed.

Lon jerked off his coat and tossed it  
up; then, snatching the bucket from  
Miss Molly, he threw the stove door  
wide and began to dash cautious cups  
of water upon the hissing fire. Choking  
smoke and steam poured into the room,  
but the leaping flames died down quick-  
ly, and the red-hot glow began to  
fade from the stove and pipe.

"How are you coming on up there?"  
coughed big Hayes, trying to peer up  
through the smoke.

"All right—I've put it out. Look  
away there! I'm coming down."

Thad's cowhide shoes appeared, swing-  
ing out of the smoky atmosphere.

"Hold on!" cried the school. But  
his caution was too late. Down plunged  
Thad with a jar that shook the house.  
The frail stovepipe rattled to the floor.  
Thad lost his balance and sprawled upon  
the floor, one of his clumsy legs kicking  
out two brick props from the stove.

The end of the stove dropped with  
a thud, another moment its entire fiery  
contents would have been belched forth  
upon Thad's prostrate form had not  
Lon caught the stove with his bare  
hands without a second's hesitation,  
and raised it to a level.

Ordelia darted for the scattered bricks  
and drove them into place, feeling the  
while that hot iron smoking into Lon's  
hands, and smelling the singeing flesh.  
When she sprang to her feet she saw  
Thad leap to Lon's support.

"Lor! What did you do that for?"  
he gasped, his lips quivering.

Lon rallied. "Didn't I promise to get  
even with you?" he shouted. Then he  
fainted.

When he came to himself the sullen-  
ness that had possessed him for the  
past week was no longer in his eyes, and  
he could smile, spite of the smarring  
wounds.

Ordelia anointed his blistered hands  
with sweet gum salve, and skillfully  
wound them in torn handkerchiefs.  
Hayes picked up the fallen pipe. A  
moderate fire was awakened in the  
stove, and the school resumed their  
seats.

Contrary to the expectations of the  
school, Lon did not sit beside Ordelia.  
But neither did Thad. The two boys,  
enemies that morning, sat side by side,  
looking over the same book, Thad  
flushed and ashamed, Lon pale but tri-  
umphant; for had he not returned evil  
with good?

Lon's coat had been ruined by the fire,  
so Ordelia did not have the pleasure of  
sewing the button on; but this was of  
no consequence, for during a week of  
stubborn resolution Lon had learned to  
recite without it.—Youth's Companion.

### INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

The Famous Chain Stretched Across  
the Hudson River.

There are not many people who would  
recognize in the name of Samuel Wheel-  
er a person who did valuable service for  
our country in the war of the revolu-  
tion. It was he who made the famous  
chain that was stretched across the  
Hudson river to stop British warships  
from ascending the stream. At the  
time Gen. Washington was puzzled about  
defending the river.

"I wish I could get a chain made, but  
that is impossible," he said, and Gen.  
Mifflin, overhearing the remark, ex-  
claimed:

"Not so. We have a man in the army  
who can make such a chain."

Gen. Washington had Wheeler brought  
to him, and said:

"I want a chain to put across the North  
river to stop the British ships. Can you  
make it?"

"I can," replied Wheeler, "but I can-  
not do it here."

"Then," said Washington, "I will  
cheerfully give you permission from the  
army to do so, for, badly as we want  
such men as you, I cannot afford to keep  
you."

Mr. Wheeler made the chain, and its  
links were hauled across New Jersey, to  
be finally strung across the river, where  
it did good service. By building a fire  
under one of the links and then using a  
sledge hammer and a chisel, it was ulti-  
mately cut apart.—Harper's Round  
Table.

—The Electrical World says that a  
certain little mechanical device is called  
in Germany "Automatisches Glas-  
platin, ein Hilfszuchtungsrichtung." As its  
name clearly indicates, it is an appar-  
atus for protecting against lightning con-  
ducing of plates of mirror glass acting as a  
natural lightning rod. In this country we are in the  
habit of calling this simple device a  
"cutout."

### THE PROMISE THAT FAILED.

How the People Were "Sold" by the  
McKinley Crowd.

The general public has become some-  
what accustomed to the great disap-  
pointment it began to experience  
shortly after the November election be-  
cause of the failure of the promised  
prosperity to materialize, and, as a  
consequence, we don't hear so much  
about it now as we did a couple of  
months ago. It having been settled  
that the promise of prosperity was  
nothing more than a bunco game, the  
people have philosophically set them-  
selves to the task of bearing the hard-  
times and the growing stringency as  
best they can, satisfied, at least, that  
they were successfully "worked."

Occasionally, however, we still find  
expressions of dissatisfaction, saras-  
tic comments on the gullibility of the  
public, and caustic references to the  
grand republican rainbow of promise,  
in contemplation of which the Ameri-  
can people were so easily "sold." Rev.  
J. C. Hogan, of Forest City, Pa., a  
Methodist clergyman, who is well  
known in this city, recently wrote a  
letter to the Carbonade Leader, bear-  
ing on the republican promise of pros-  
perity, and the pith of his communica-  
tion is found in the following excerpt:

"I am looking for the 'Advance Agent of  
Prosperity.' Evidently he is lost, stolen or  
strayed, and I want to send word to the  
public through your valuable paper.  
A few months ago we were told to vote  
for McKinley and Prosperity. The under-  
signed then stated that the people could  
get McKinley by voting for him, but doubt-  
ed if this would be the best way to get  
reports from the large cities relative to  
the number of unemployed show that there  
are 2,000,000 in New York, 150,000 in Philadel-  
phia, 50,000 in San Francisco, 30,000 in De-  
troit, 20,000 in Cleveland, 15,000 in Cin-  
cinnati, 10,000 in Boston, and during the  
past few weeks widespread destitution has  
been reported by the papers."

"Where is the prosperity that was to  
follow?  
It will hardly satisfy us to say that  
McKinley is a good man, and that he  
did business. Why? Because they told us all  
that that was needed to usher in a paradise of  
prosperity was 'sound money' and 'con-  
fidence.' By 'sound money' was meant the  
'existing gold standard' that we now have,  
and the red-hot glow began to fade from the  
stove and pipe."

But since the late lamented election  
many private banks, misnamed national  
banks, have gone bankrupt. Over 30 of these  
banks at the west failed during the month  
of December last.

"Here in Forest City, preceding the elec-  
tion, many 'patriots' were especially an-  
xious to get the people to vote for McKinley.  
They held a meeting in the opera house, at which  
a certain ancient 'statesman' discoursed on  
the benefits of 'sound money' and 'con-  
fidence.' The boys organized and sat up  
nights to sing for 'McKinley and Protec-  
tion,' and they are now getting it at  
their own expense. They even  
tramped in parades with the 'bosses' in  
command in carriages. And lo! even the  
'bosses' are now in the gutter, and the  
time. A thing which has never been known  
before the advent of the 'Advance Agent of  
Prosperity.'"

"That 'confidence' game was a success  
in one way, but fails to work the other  
way."  
"I notice that many of the preachers who  
so zealously spoke and voted in favor of  
McKinley and Prosperity, are now trying  
to contribute food and clothes for the  
support of poverty. It is good to feed the  
poor, but it is better to prevent the need  
under which none need be poor. A just  
social and industrial system would make  
this possible."

"The 'confidence' game gives strong and graphic  
expression to his estimate of the situa-  
tion, but his view of the case is not,  
in other respects, a whit different from  
the view entertained by the people, who  
are not saying much, of course, but  
who are perfectly satisfied that they  
were 'tricked in.' For it hardly to be  
said that the promise of prosperity  
saved the major and his party last No-  
vember.—Binghamton (N. Y.) Leader.

### PROFITABLE GENEROSITY.

The Deal Between McKinley and  
Alger.

When the history of the McKinley  
campaign is written one of the most  
interesting chapters will contain the  
story of how Alger obtained the offer  
of a place in the cabinet.

No one familiar with the career of  
Alger would be surprised to find that  
the republicans are favored with right  
to contribute food and clothes for the  
support of poverty. It is good to feed the  
poor, but it is better to prevent the need  
under which none need be poor. A just  
social and industrial system would make  
this possible."

Far more convincing than the Hanna  
explanation is the information sent  
from Chicago that Alger's name occupies  
a conspicuous place in the list of the  
wealthy and generous friends of the  
president-elect who lifted him out of  
the financial bog into which he was  
plunged by the Foster failure. It is a  
fair presumption that the plan of the  
Hanna syndicate.

Gratitude is a good thing, but is not  
Maj. McKinley's gratitude for Gen. Al-  
ger's generosity too much of a good  
thing? A glance at the lumber schedule  
of the Dingley tariff bill shows that  
the republicans are favored with right  
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### "A LIE WELL STUCK TO."

Republicans Adhere to Their Do-  
ctrine of Falsehood.

The republican party, as represented  
by Senator Platt and his organs, ap-  
pears to be convinced of the correctness  
of the old proverb: "A lie well stuck to  
is as good as the truth." Ignoring the  
well-known fact that, as Senator Can-  
non says, the ballots counted for Mc-  
Kinley were ostensibly or really for the  
promotion of an international agree-  
ment to secure bimetalism, which the  
major's platform pledged him to secure  
if possible, the senator-elect in his  
maiden speech laid down these propo-  
sitions:

1. The financial question can be in-  
definitely postponed.

2. The Wilson law "shut down the  
mills and reduced the opportunities of  
labor and the earnings of investment."

3. The deficit was caused by the Wil-  
son law, and the way to wipe it out and  
to increase the revenues is to pass a  
higher tariff law.

4. The tariff law must be "based in  
every schedule" upon the principle of  
protecting the American manufacturer  
against foreign competition.

5. The people are clamoring for the  
new protective and revenue-raising  
tariff.

Every one of these propositions is  
false, as all intelligent men are aware.  
All persons who know anything about  
the situation of affairs know that (1)  
the financial question must be settled  
immediately, and that every month's de-  
lay in settling it will make settlement  
more difficult and costly; that (2) what  
"shut down the mills," etc., was the ap-  
preciating standard of values which has  
almost destroyed the home market;  
that (3) the revenues produced by the  
Wilson bill have been larger than the  
revenues under the McKinley bill, the  
difference in favor of 1896 as compared  
with 1894 being \$36,679,910; that the de-  
ficit was caused by the McKinley bill,  
which was avowedly constructed in  
order to destroy the surplus, and that,  
as a general rule, it is true that the  
higher the duty the smaller the reve-  
nue obtained from it; that (4) if to be  
based upon the principle of protection it  
will not yield revenue, and if designed to  
raise revenue it cannot be based on the  
protection principle, and that (5) the  
business interests of the country, omit-  
ting a few manufacturers and the un-  
lawful combinations in restraint of  
trade, would do almost anything to  
secure the continuance of uncertainty  
which the threat of tariff tinkering has  
produced.

Doubtless Platt knows these things,  
too, for Platt is no fool. But the Can-  
ton clique is determined to pay no at-  
tention to them, and to go ahead dis-  
charging its debts to the trusts and  
manufacturers, and Platt thinks it wise  
just now to "stand in" with that clique  
as far as he can in order to get the fed-  
eral patronage in this state. So he has  
adopted the clique's tactics and is yell-  
ing at the top of his voice for more re-  
venue and protection, in the hope that  
the noise will dazzle the people and pre-  
vent them from recollecting the facts  
and seeing how preposterous and dis-  
honest the programme is.—N. Y. Jour-  
nal.

### REFORMING THE TARIFF.

A System That Will Not Benefit the  
Farmers.

It is now practically assured that the  
republican members of the present con-  
gress have laid out the ground for the  
passage of a tariff bill nearly identical  
with the law of 1890, should a special  
session of the congress be called soon  
after the inauguration of Mr. Mc-  
Kinley.

The new bill will restore rates of  
duty very generally as they were sched-  
uled in the McKinley bill, in some in-  
stances increasing them, but destroy-  
ing every distinctive feature of the  
present law. It is announced that on  
lumber, wool and all agricultural prod-  
ucts there will be higher rates imposed  
than the government has yet demanded  
from such imports. So positively has  
this been asserted that the state govern-  
ment of Pennsylvania at its recent meet-  
ing expressed itself very decidedly upon  
the subject of the tariff as applied to farm  
products. The body in question was an-  
nearly of the farmers in possibly one of  
the strongest protective states in the  
union, and it could not be called a polit-  
ical body in any sense.

Among the resolutions adopted was  
the following on the proposed increased  
rates of duties on farm products: "We  
cannot deceive ourselves with the idea  
that any measure of protection to our  
industries offered by a tariff on imports  
can avail in the slightest degree to ben-  
efit the grower of those crops of which  
he produces a surplus for export and  
whose prices are necessarily made in  
the world's market, where they must  
continue to be disposed of."

It will be remembered that it was the  
farmers more than any other class in  
this country that led the revolt against  
what became known as "McKinleyism"  
that resulted in the defeat of Mr. Harri-  
son in 1892 and the election of Mr. Cleve-  
land, and in that campaign the farm-  
ers of the west made common cause  
with those at the east against the ex-  
orbitant tariff of 1890. They had reason  
for this, for the tariff on imports  
that a tariff on those things of which  
the farmers had a surplus did not help  
them, while the increased duties on  
what they had to buy raised not only  
the cost of living but the expenses of  
carrying on their business.

The much abused tariff we now have  
is higher than the Morrill tariff of 1891,  
which was higher than any we had had  
before that year and was passed as a  
measure to bring money into the  
treasury. The feeling one has in read-  
ing the views of congressmen on the  
new tariff is that it contains too much  
politics and too little business sense.—  
Chicago News (Ind.).

—We look forward to a time, and  
that not many years in the future, when  
the people, restored to political sanity  
by stern necessity, will place the real  
control of the tariff in the hands of the  
people, and the subject of drastic criti-  
cism at all times.

—Good times have not yet come  
back. The republican party is doing  
its best to defer their coming by enter-  
ing upon a general revision of the  
tariff, the most upsetting and business-  
destroying occupation in which it could  
have engaged. The fall elections will  
give the people an opportunity to pass  
judgment upon this policy.—N. Y.  
Times.

### DR. ZERTUCHA SLAIN.

The Man Responsible for Gen. Maceo's  
Death Assassinated—Cuban Patriots  
Vowed Vengeance—If Reports Are True  
They Have Kept Their Oath—Zertucha's  
Story in Cuba, Making Maceo the Hero  
Who Hang Together Well.

MADRID, Feb. 19.—A dispatch re-  
ceived here from Havana says it is re-  
ported there that Dr. Zertucha, who  
was Gen. Antonio Maceo's physician  
and accompanied him at the time the  
insurgent leader met his death, has  
been assassinated.

All Cuban patriots and their adher-  
ents held Dr. Zertucha responsible for  
the death of Maceo, which they  
claimed was brought about by Zer-  
tucha's treachery. They charged that  
Dr. doctor, acting under plans laid by  
some person in authority at the palace  
in Havana, enticed Maceo across the  
trocha into Havana province from  
Pinar del Rio, where his army was en-  
camped, by means of a letter, presu-  
mably written by the Marquis Alameda,  
in second command of the Spanish  
forces in Cuba, asking Maceo to a con-  
ference, in order to see if some settle-  
ment of the war could not be agreed  
upon. Maceo fell into the trap and, ac-  
companied by his personal staff, which  
included the alleged traitorous physician,  
set out for the meeting place, which  
was just beyond the trocha in  
Havana province.

Accounts differ as to how Maceo and  
his followers crossed that celebrated  
line. One of these declares it was by  
water, the party embarking at night  
in small boats and using muffled oars.  
This account is treated by the Span-  
ish naval officers, who declare that  
Maceo crossed the line on land.

Maceo, after crossing the line, went  
direct to the supposed meeting place  
of Alameda and himself. Instead of  
finding the Spanish general he and his  
staff walked unwittingly into an am-  
bush prepared by a Spanish battalion  
under Maj. Ciriuela and all were shot  
down in cold blood excepting Dr. Zer-  
tucha. Among the dead was Gen.  
Gomez' son, who is said to have com-  
mitted suicide by the side of Maceo.

Zertucha's escape from death  
and the lenient treatment accorded  
him by the Spanish, led the Cubans to  
at once accuse the doctor, whose pre-  
vious reputation had been somewhat  
unsavory, of treachery. This Zertucha  
strenuously denied, and in his efforts  
to clear himself of the imputation he  
made several charges against Alameda  
to the manner of Maceo's death.

The patriots swore they would  
avenge Maceo's death, and the report  
from Havana seems to indicate that  
they have kept their oath.

### FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Officers Elected by the National Body in  
Session